

The Children's Newspaper, April 3, 1943

O, YE OF LITTLE FAITH

Now that the Prime Minister has rung the bells of hope for us with no uncertain sound, and given us in his stirring and impressive way a vision of what we may look forward to if all goes well, we can afford to ignore the smaller voices of doubt and fear concerning the future of the nation.

God knows that we need in these days all the encouragement our hopes can give us. More than ever in our history we need the faith that removes mountains.

How pitiful is it, then, to see signs of courage waning, to hear voices in high places begging us not to expect too much when victory comes! More than once of late we have been warned by pessimists not to build up high hopes of immediate improvement when the war is over, and there has grown up in some quarters a depressing melancholy which the Prime Minister's broadcast has happily broken.

To all such gloomy prophets we can only think of Cromwell's famous answer—*In the name of God, Go.*

Seeds of Melancholy

In the name of God, yes. In the words of Lord Hankey, let us turn in all humility to "our only Omnipotent Leader, whom in the days of our prosperity we have sometimes neglected but never forgotten." Too much have we neglected the source of all the moral strength that has made us what we are. There is all too little faith in the world, and it is pathetic to hear men calling on us to fling away the high hopes that are sustaining our warriors in the fight and our people in their patience.

Nobody expects that the millennium is coming in a week or a year when the war is over, but surely it is the height of folly to scatter such seeds of melancholy in this most hopeful spring.

It is, of course, the expression of a lack of faith which has revealed itself in many ways and many places, and can hardly be said to be of great assistance to a nation fighting for its life. Rather, surely, should we wish our people to sustain themselves with the faith that all things are possible to those who believe; to hope, as Shelley said, "till Hope creates, from its own wreck, the thing it contemplates."

Every great nation has two sorts of people, those who believe in the things that have made it great and those who see it marching to its doom. The things that have made us a great nation are what Lord Hankey calls our "limitless spiritual resources."

Our Best Possessions

In the long run they are more than all the rest of our possessions. They have brought us through the storms and tempests of a thousand years. They sustained us when the might of Spain came sailing up the Channel to destroy us, in the long fight against Napoleon, in the long dark hours of the last Great War when it seemed that hope was dead. They sustained King Alfred in the shadows of defeat, Cromwell in his victories, Milton in his blindness, Bunyan in his prison cell, the Pilgrims in their little boat, and our stricken Army at Dunkirk. They have brought us through the darkest hours our generation has known and have kept our spirit calm in the face of the most appalling catastrophe that has ever befallen mankind.

And yet the sad truth must be told that not for an hour since the war began have we harnessed this limitless spiritual power of the nation to the fight on which our life depends. A nation fully harnessed is a nation at its best, with every selfish purpose trodden underfoot, every pettiness crushed, every sense of unworthiness cast out, every pleasure renounced that does not strengthen us for the work we have in hand.

A NATION at its best listens every morning to the voice of conscience and searches its heart every night to see if it has been true. It remembers the old Puritan's prayer before battle, "Lord, I shall be very busy this day; I may forget Thee, but do Thou not forget me." It does not grudge to pay the bitter price of keeping our land inviolate and free. Where so many give their lives it gives its lesser offering with a smile, as Maurice Baring says. It is ashamed, as Rupert Brooke was, of the sick hearts that honour could not move; its heart is, like Rupert Brooke's, a pulse in the eternal mind, all evil shed away. It is worthy of those valiant hearts who to their glory came:

*All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave,
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.*

How many days, in this 187th week of the war, have we lived on that great height? How many hours has our Government based its strength on this foundation of eternal victory? It cannot be said that we at home have made an equal sacrifice with those who fight. It cannot be said that we are worthy of the matchless valour and the deathless pride of those who have cast from them all claims to life itself that we may live in peace when they are gone.

Timidity in High Places

Perhaps it is because our Government has been afraid to call on us to make equal sacrifice; but a timid Government's fear of a shadow will not save us. If we fail in our duty in these grave days, if we throw away our strength and go our selfish ways, it is because our faith is small. We do not believe enough in our spiritual resources. The Government does not reckon with them. It does not understand the wondrous change that would come over the nation if suddenly tomorrow these things ceased to be and all our weaknesses and follies, our vices and hypocrisies were cast away, and we accepted as our Leader, as General Smuts has done, the Man of Galilee.

We think of faith and the spirit as of something apart from the hard realities of life, of God as a comfort and a consolation in some quiet hour. But it is faith that has brought us thus far. It is God who sustains us and gives us the choice to be worthy of the final sacrifice for freedom or to prefer our selfish ways. It is not possible to imagine the way that freedom would go leaping up, and evil come clattering down, if every man who leads us, and all of us who follow, believed in our hearts what we pretend to believe with our lips, and flung our whole strength into the crucible. To win slowly with the brake on is something; to win swiftly with the nation at its best would bring to the world, after its bitter Calvary, a Resurrection beyond all the dreams of men.

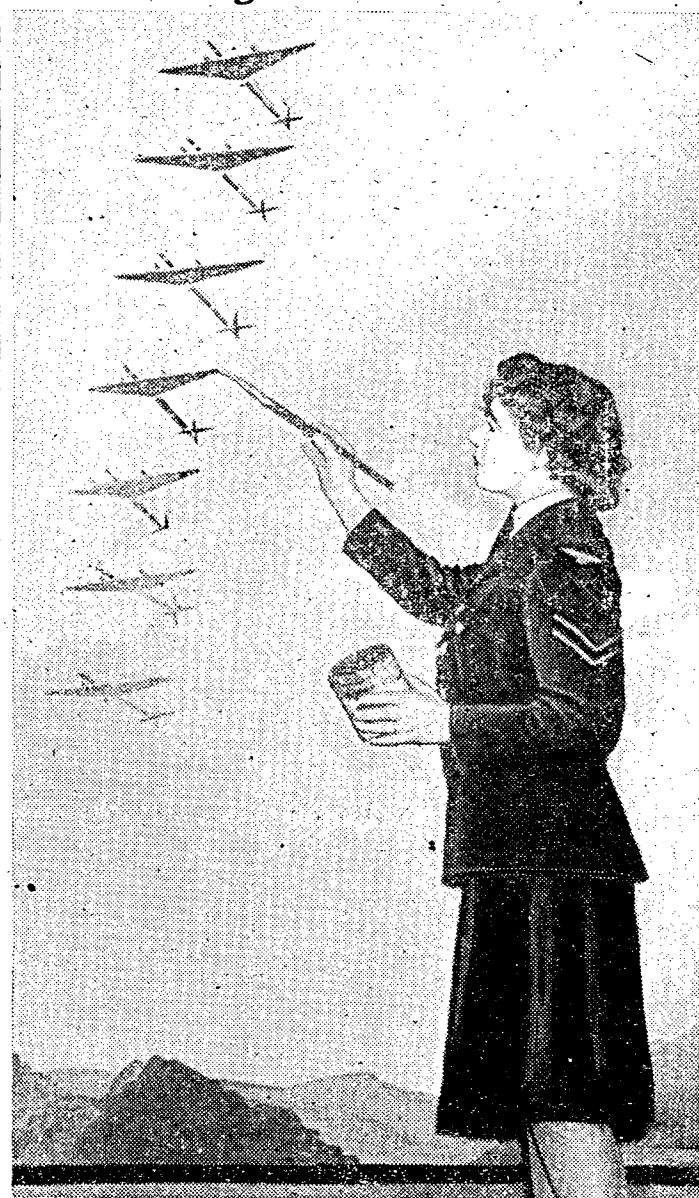
Arthur Mee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3dPOSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d
No 1254

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Wings on the Walls



A WAAF adorning the recreation room at a Training Centre

The Bible in the Rubber Boat

CAPTAIN EDWARD RICKENBACKER is touring America and telling enthralled audiences about his exploits in the Pacific, when he and eight other men were forced into the sea by a falling aeroplane, and spent several weeks on a rubber raft.

A veteran of the last war, he had ample opportunity for studying the youngsters of this war while going through this gruelling experience. He came to the conclusion that the youth of today has Initiative, Imagination, Individuality, Self-Reliance, and an eternal but simple faith in the Supreme Being. When this war is over, he says, there will be more rugged individualists coming back from the four corners of the world than we ever had at any time in our history.

The captain tells how their rubber rafts were tied together every morning and evening for prayers, for one of the men had

a New Testament which they took turns in reading. The verses that held their attention most were from Matthew:

"Therefore take no thought saying What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Where-withal shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Incredible or not, it is simply true, as we have already recorded, that one evening after they had prayed manna from heaven in the form of a gull alighted on the captain's head.

It is good to know that the US Navy is providing a New Testament for each rubber boat.

HITLER TURNS UP AGAIN With the Prime Minister After Him

THERE were two speeches within a few hours of each other last week that greatly interested the world. One was Hitler's at lunch-time, the other the Prime Minister's at supper-time.

Hitler's speech, said to be delivered by himself but sounding like a gramophone record, was full of despair. It was the first time his voice had been heard for four months, and the voice was utterly unlike Hitler's. If it was his voice it must have troubled the Germans more than if it were not, for it was anything but like the old Hitler.

It was colourless like a nervous man reading from a manuscript without an atom of emotion or gesture, and what it said in the 11 minutes while it lasted mattered simply nothing at all. One great lie he told which all the world knows to be a lie, for he put the German dead merely at just over half a million.

Mr Churchill's speech was in striking contrast with Hitler's rigmorole of despair. It was a cautious but well thought out survey of the possibility of social reform when peace comes.

The Prime Minister's speech was quite a tonic after the pessimism of some of his colleagues. Mr Churchill is more hopeful than they are, and it was interesting to hear him remind us all that it was he who brought Sir William Beveridge into the public service 35 years ago. We must reckon him, he said, and the Government itself, as strongly in favour of compulsory insurance for all classes for all purposes from the cradle to the grave.

He thought the end of Hitler might come next year, and that after that we could look forward to a Four Year Plan for getting the country straight and carrying out a great programme of reform. We should have to deal with Agriculture, expanding it and maintaining reasonable prices. We should have to have a National Health Service, and encourage bigger families in every possible way. We should lengthen and improve the education of our children, educate youth in industry, and maintain religion in schools. There would be opportunities of nationalising essential public services, but private enterprise was vital to our prosperity and must be maintained.

It could not be expected that taxation could stand at its present level, though it must be heavier than before the war. It was good to know that seven or eight million people will have about £300 apiece when the war is over, a thing never known before in our history. Mr Churchill does not share the fear that we shall be unable to build up a great trade after the war. He thinks the world will need our goods, that the building trade will flourish in the Reconstruction, and that we may look forward to opportunities of a good life for all if we remain united and pull together in peace as we are doing in war.

Taking the Road With Them

DESPITE her present setbacks on the Donetz, Russia is going steadily forward in the great task of ridding her soil of the Nazi disease. The weather has been against her—throughout this war the Germans have had most of the luck of the weather—but the Russians are not letting weather beat them.

In the Donetz the mud has been bad enough. West and north-west of Moscow it is just as bad, and here the Russians are still advancing, despite the disappearance under thick mud of such roads as existed.

How are they managing? In their usual way, by brilliant ingenuity. They now bring their roads with them, sections of

fitted logs which have sufficient grip, even upon the sodden mud of early spring, to make a pathway fit for lorries, tanks, and artillery. The portable road is made in lengths and laid down as they go, and it reaches often for miles.

In the Stalingrad battle, when the Germans thought they had destroyed all the bridges, the Russians tricked them marvelously by making a new pontoon bridge a foot beneath the water. The Luftwaffe has good eyes, but its pilots never spotted this hidden highway, along which, by night, reinforcements of men and material were brought up in sufficient amounts to hold off the final Nazi onslaught.

QUEER UNION JACK

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER FLEMING, who has just received the highest of scientific distinctions, the Fellowship of the Royal Society, manufactured an unusual patriotic joke some years ago.

He is Professor of Bacteriology at St Mary's Hospital in London, and under his guidance the laboratories there prepared immensely valuable supplies of microbe extracts for a long period before this war for export all over the world, mostly by air.

When King George the Fifth and Queen Mary came along on a certain occasion to see what there was to be seen, there was a

tiny Union Jack waiting for them on the table upstairs in Dr Fleming's laboratory. It was an extraordinary flag, for it was made up of myriads of deadly microbes, fixed in a kind of gelatine, and coloured accurately in the design of our national flag. The royal visitors were much amused, but were no doubt glad that this particular flag was well under glass.

Pencillin, the discovery for which Professor Fleming received his honour, played an important part in the recovery of the Prime Minister from his recent illness.

The Bitter Cry From Belgium

A UNION JACK and a Belgian flag decorated the table in the ballroom at the Waldorf Hotel when the Belgian Prime Minister, Monsieur Hubert Pierlot, spoke to journalists there about the health of his country.

The Prime Minister said that his Government had not pressed the British Government openly for help for Belgium, as they did not want to impede the war effort or to embarrass a Government which gave them hospitality. But they had asked progressively for less and less in the hope of getting something, and now the time had come when they felt they really must press for what was the minimum necessary relief.

If the German Government refused to observe the conditions he would not ask again, but the experiment must at least be tried. Two thousand tons a month of vitamins and dried milk would not require much shipping space; the ship was ready, at Philadelphia; the food and money were available; all that was wanted was for the British Government to give permission for the ship to pass the blockade.

Belgium was approaching the condition of Greece, whose tragedy appalled the world. Greece had since last year been receiving relief shipments by permission of the British Government.

M. Pierlot added that he had to be resigned to the loss of a great part of Belgium's population, but if the children died Belgium would never recover.

The Belgian Information Office, 25 Eaton Place, London, SW1, publishes a free booklet entitled *Our Daily Bread*, which gives more details about the need for food.

IDEAS OF OUR SCIENTISTS

The scientists of the British Association have held a fourth wartime conference at the Royal Institution, discussing Science and the Citizen and calling for a greater use of science in government and education.

Sir Lawrence Bragg declared that science is as a closed book to most of our leaders, and called for a group of scientific consultants to advise the Government. Sir Henry Dale said that if we are to hold our own we must reconstruct our educational system until all, from schoolchildren to bishops and judges, know something of science. Mr H. G. Wells asserted that there are too many stale books in libraries, and we should have scientific best-sellers. Professor Lauwerys said three-quarters of our museums are "junk shops," and every city should have a museum of science. Sir Richard Gregory, the pioneer of these conferences, hoped that the British Association would organise regular conferences on special subjects which might lead to a kind of university extension movement in science.

THINGS SEEN

A long queue waiting in a market to buy toffee apples at 8d each.

Notice in a restaurant: Is your Roll Really Necessary?

LITTLE NEWS REELS

It has been calculated that there are 2250 rectories and vicarages in England that are far too big for their parsons, and beyond their means to maintain.

Nearly a hundred million air-graph letters have now been sent to and from the Middle East, the fifty millionth from this country having been posted last week.

Between three and four million ton-miles of road and rail transport are to be saved every year by a reorganisation of the distribution of cakes.

Double Summer Time begins this week-end, so do not forget to put your clocks forward an hour before going to bed on Saturday.

An American pilot of the last war (Mr Allan Miller), has given the RAF Benevolent Fund £20,000.

A man in Sheffield has been fined £55 for being drunk in charge of a motor-car containing 150 lbs of gelignite and 600 detonators.

A Devon woman who has just died at 101 was in America at the time of the Civil War, and attended the wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg; where Abraham Lincoln made his most famous speech.

We hear of a well known tradesman in Melbourne, Australia, who has ten sons in the fighting Services, all of whom write to their mother twice a week, mother answering every letter!

In its search for new sources of oil in Canada the Dominion's Department of Mines and Resources is sending out 33 geological survey parties.

Youth News Reel

THE 2nd Stoke-on-Trent Scout Troop has been invited to give a display of Scouting for the Wolverhampton Youth Leaders.

The guard of honour at the enthronement of the new Bishop of Limerick was provided by the Boys Brigade Company connected with the Cathedral; the Bishop has become a 'Vice-President' of the BB.

The North Hammersmith Company of the Girls Training Corps has an International section with members from Belgium, France, Greece, Norway, and U.S.A.

SIX IDEAS FOR PEACE

AN important factor in the shaping of American opinion is the Federal Council of Churches, which represents every Protestant faith in the United States. The Council has now sent a statement on a just and enduring Peace to 50,000 ministers, declaring that the Peace must do six things:

1. Provide a political framework for the continuing collaboration of the United Nations and in due course of neutral and enemy nations.
2. Make provision for bringing within the scope of international agreement those economic and financial acts of national Governments which have widespread international repercussions.
3. Make provision for an organisation to adapt by treaty the structure of the world to the changing underlying conditions.
4. Proclaim the goal of auto-

THE LMS engine 20,002 is still pulling trainloads of war stores in spite of its 77 years of service; affectionately known as Grannie, the old engine has travelled more than 1,580,000 miles.

Education authorities are now serving over a million 4d and 6d dinners to children. One in five boys and girls at school obtains a midday meal.

There are now more than 12,000 Red Indians in the U.S. Armed Forces.

A correspondent in the North the other day saw three elderly men, each suffering from a physical disability, walking two miles to work because they could not get into a bus crowded with schoolchildren.

An exchange of nearly 900 German and Italian prisoners for the same number of British prisoners has been carried out through the Turkish Government.

"It is difficult to be a Christian when sober, but impossible when intoxicated." Lady Astor

FOR the next three four-week ration periods (beginning April 4, May 2, and May 30) one pound of sugar for jam-making may be taken by the public instead of one pound of preserves.

The National Trust has acquired property of nearly 1000 acres in Wiltshire, embracing a group of prehistoric remains which are among the most important in Europe. It includes the famous Avebury Circles and the Neolithic site of Windmill Hill.

A scientist has predicted, at a London conference, that in 20 years the majority of listeners will be equipped with wireless sets for hearing and seeing.

WHEN the Scout Patrol Leaders of London meet at their Conference on Saturday they will have Lionel Gamlin of the BBC to act as Question Master to their Brains Trust, a popular part of the programme.

There are more than 15,000 Scouts and Guides in recognised Chinese Scout War Service Units, and their service has been of great value to the authorities and the civilian population.

A Salisbury (Wiltshire) Scout Troop has adopted a Maltese Troop, both Troops wearing the same colours and corresponding regularly.

nomy for subject peoples, and establish an international organisation to assure and supervise the realisation of that end.

5. Establish procedures for controlling military establishments everywhere.

6. Establish in principle, and seek to achieve in practice, the right of individuals everywhere to religious and intellectual liberty.

Gibraltar Cavern

A few weeks ago we wrote of the herculean task of tunnelling in Gibraltar which has been proceeding for over two years. Now comes news that the Royal Engineers there have found a vast cavern with a lake nearly 40 yards long. The cavern is like a cathedral, with massive stalagmite columns, one of them over 40 feet high, and it has probably not been seen for 20,000 years.

The Children's Newspaper, April 3, 1943

PAPER TOWELS AND GLASS OVERCOATS

Not for the first time has paper been suggested for clothing; and less eccentric people than the Irish nobleman who used to tramp the countryside clad in newspapers know that a newspaper over the chest or round the legs keeps the cold out when there is nothing better to hand.

The worst of the paper substitute is that when it gets wet it goes to bits, but this can now be remedied by the invention of Aqualised paper, which is paper treated with Melamine resin, and is almost the newest plastic. The resin gives great strength to the sheet while rendering it more pliable, so that it can be made, for example, into towels; and hopes are held out that it will become a substitute for tweed overcoats.

Another clothing substitute is glass, which is being spun into fibres in the same way as artificial silk, and reeled into strands at the rate of a mile a minute. The glass fibres are 15 times smaller than a human hair. Glass coats are well on the horizon, and nothing but the paper shortage will stop the towels.

PLANNING A NEW CANTERBURY

Canterbury City Council is considering a plan for building a circular motor road which will keep the heavy London-Thames traffic (which used to congest the narrow streets) out of the city. The whole problem of rebuilding the damaged parts of Canterbury is being considered, and in a recent speech the Dean said he hoped a University of the South-East might rise in the city.

A SEAL COMES UP THE RIVER

It is not unheard-of for seals to make their way inland up our rivers, but it is certainly unusual. They have been seen in the mouths of the Thames and the Severn, but now a seal has been visiting the Medway shipyards.

He was seen by a man in a motor boat near Gillingham. The seal broke surface like a U-boat, had a good look at the people, and then submerged.

Seals, as we know, are very intelligent, and can be trained to do all sorts of circus tricks. Moreover, the Germans are very good circus-trainers. All the same, we do not think that this jolly visitor had been sent across what used to be called the German Ocean to secure military and naval information for Mr Schicklgruber. Possibly he had found the high seas too uncomfortable.

EVERYTHING IS USEFUL

Every day we hear of new ways of using rubbish, and now from Lancashire comes news of a new way of using waste cotton.

The firm of David Whitehead of Rawtenstall is to be congratulated on its initiative, for it has found a new method of making something valuable out of cotton which was at one time pronounced worthless. During the German raids on Liverpool in 1940 great quantities of cotton were damaged by fire or water as the warehouses were hit, and it is this for which a use has now been found. Already about five million yards of cloth have been woven from salvaged material.

Take Your Holidays Where You Are

AGAIN this year the Government is anxious that war workers shall spend their holidays at home, and, as was the case last summer, CEMA has been asked to help with entertainment.

Plans are already afoot, and in all towns and villages Regional Organisers are making arrangements with the local authorities.

Mr Robert Atkins has promised to take his Bankside Players with Shakespearean plays to Reading, Manchester, Finchley, Leyton, and Regent's Park. In the Birmingham parks Sir Barry Jackson's Company will present

"Bird in the Hand" by John Drinkwater, "When we are Married" by J. B. Priestley, and "Dandy Dick" by Sir Arthur Pinero. Other parks in outer London will be visited by Companies giving suitable plays for outdoor presentation.

Some authorities may wish to stage exhibitions of pictures, and CEMA (if approached in time) may be able to arrange for interesting selections of pictures in oils and water colours or photographic collections. In conjunction with the British Institute of Adult Education it is hoped to tour exhibitions of

a diverse character such as Embroidery and Needlework; pictures specially commissioned since the beginning of the war to record the beauties of the English countryside and ancient buildings; and interesting photographs of Homes to Live In.

Of even greater interest to the man in the street will be the opportunity of seeing the Rebuilding Britain exhibition, which has been organised by the Royal Institute of British Architects, and portrays in a most comprehensive way the great possibilities of rebuilding and reconstruction.



Desert Home

Now that the Axis forces have been driven completely out of Libya the Bedouin tribes are making their way back to the areas where they formerly lived. Here is a Bedouin family just returned to old familiar ground

GETTING READY FOR REBUILDING

Our local authorities cannot start building houses to make the new Britain we crave for because neither the labour nor the materials are available. What, however, they must do without delay is to buy land for the sites of the new houses, so that planning and design may proceed the moment the war ends.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer offers to help in cases where the authorities have not funds available to buy the sites; he is willing to sanction the raising of necessary loans for the purpose. It is hoped that landowners will sell at reasonable prices; if they do not compulsory purchase orders will be made.

Mr Ernest Brown, our Minister of Health, says we must not be content, as we were after the last war, to take 20 years to build 4,000,000 houses. He thinks we must proceed at twice that rate, and we agree.

SHINING HERO

John Washington, a chaplain in the United States Army, was only 35 when he gave his life for a man who was afraid to die.

A ship was sinking in mid-Atlantic, and John Washington was doing his best to help the soldiers. As the moment for the final plunge approached, one of the soldiers lost his head. Instantly the chaplain took off his lifebelt and gave it to the frightened man.

As the ship went down this calm, brave soul was seen on his knees at prayer.

SURPRISE FOR A SOUTHERNER

A young lady from the South whom war service has called to the North writes home in enthusiastic admiration of what she calls the "soft" dialect of Lancashire.

That might not sound complimentary to northern ears, for beyond the Trent the word soft is generally meant as stupid, or foolish. It is meant here, however, as something admirable, soft in comparison with the sharp, hard, staccato of Cockney speech. But what surprises the young lady from the South more than the dialect of the grown-ups, is, she says, that even the dear little children speak it. This will set the Northerners laughing, for who but a Southerner, they will say, could imagine anything else?

THE BB IS 60

This is the Diamond Jubilee year of the Boys Brigade, and although a great national assembly is out of the question in wartime the boys of this splendid movement are already thinking of ways of celebrating so great an occasion.

The actual anniversary is in October, but companies throughout the land and overseas will be giving thanks at special services on the last Sunday in May, for it is in May that the sixtieth session of the Brigade's work will be completed.

The BB realises how much of its success is due to the encouragement and support of the churches, and many companies are likely to commemorate this help by making Jubilee gifts to their churches.

The Bible Every Day

There are now nearly 300,000 members of the Bible Reading Fellowship, which is 21 years old this year.

Born at Brixton (in St Matthew's parish) it has now 5000 groups or branches, all reading Bible passages from monthly leaflets sent out each quarter, with notes and introductions for adults and children. We have no doubt that the Fellowship has a wide influence in encouraging Bible reading, and in making the Bible a living book in the life of a great multitude of people. The address is 171 Victoria Street, London, SW 1.

THE QUIET YOUNG MAN

A shy young man sat apart from most of the other guests in a hotel lounge, and it was some days before anyone could persuade him to talk. Even then he was diffident.

Finally he made a confession. "You see," he said, "when you've been cooped up in a submarine for weeks on end, roughing it all the time, somehow you don't feel as if you have any drawing-room manners. It makes you feel awkward and nervous. I've just got back from convoying ships to Russia, and before that we were running petrol to Malta. It was—well, rather warm work in some ways."

SALVATIONISTS ON SERVICE

The Salvation Army is always in the field, but not as often in the news as it deserves, and their Year Book for 1943 is a salutary reminder of its varied and worldwide good works. The demands on its services are many, and in wartime they are manifold; but the Salvation Army is well equipped to meet them, as a mere glance through this book reveals. Headlines such as Service with America's Fighting Men, The Army in the Netherland Indies, Canada's Salvation War Effort, and Mid Lapland Fells and Forest, all proclaim stories worth telling.

Salvationists Behind Barbed Wire is another graphic heading, reflecting work accomplished by visitors to prison camps and others who are themselves prisoners. One Salvationist soldier, for instance, was captured in North Africa, but holds meetings with 300 men in an Italian prison camp.

Every page in this Year Book hints at some good work—work which is carried out among a hundred peoples and in over a hundred languages, day in, day out. The Salvation Army was built on sure foundations, the Rock of Faith; and its genius is to be always "on the spot."

Neglected Countryside

Our national electrical supply system has done much for the rural population, but still official figures show that of 366,000 agricultural holdings only 25,000 or 30,000 are served with current. Thus, too, with water supplies. In June 1939, of 11,186 parishes in England and Wales 3432 were without piped supplies; at least 1,000,000 of the rural population lacked piped water and 5186 parishes lacked sewage systems.

It is high time, as the Scott report suggested, that the Government brought electricity, gas, and water under national control.

THE PILOT'S RETURN

A British pilot who had been missing from operations has turned up in London, little the worse for wear.

He had been in France for quite a spell, but how he managed to move about is his own secret.

Not that the Nazis were not doing their best to find him, but somehow they did not receive from the French people the cooperation they expected.

At last they did something which really annoyed our pilot. They put up placards describing him, and offering a reward for his capture.

"I wasn't going to have that," he told a friend, "so I just tore them down."

The EDITOR'S TABLE

TWO POETS

THE story has just been told of the first meeting of Laurence Binyon with Rudyard Kipling.

It was soon after the last war in a garden on a lovely summer's day. They had never met before, but Mr Kipling, hearing Laurence Binyon's name announced, walked up to him without a word, put his arm through his, and led him to a quiet part of the garden, where they talked for a long time together—Mr Kipling, who had lost his only son in the war, and the poet whose lines "For the Fallen" belong forever to the literature of grief.

Four Steps to the End

A PEOPLE indifferent to its public affairs will have a weak Parliament.

A weak Parliament will have an arbitrary Government.

An arbitrary Government will lead to a Dictatorship.

A Dictatorship is the destruction of all the Englishman's world as he knows it, and the end of liberty and all things.

THE ANZAC SPIRIT

THERE is always a way if there is a will. An Australian family we hear of has found it out.

Father is in the Army, Grandfather is on munitions, Grandmother works at night, Mother works by day. But there is Baby, and Mother will not have her sent to a nursery, so this is what happens.

Mother goes to the factory in the morning and Grandmother looks after Baby till her time for night work comes. Then she takes Baby in the pram, leaves the pram empty at a store in the shopping centre, and goes on with Baby in a tram to the factory gates, where Mother receives the little one, takes the tram back to the store, picks up the pram and goes home.

ALL FOR EACH & EACH FOR ALL

The Rockefeller Foundation Report for 1942 tells us that:

AN American soldier wounded on a battlefield in the Far East owes his life to the Japanese scientist Kitasato, who isolated the bacillus of tetanus.

A Russian soldier saved by a blood transfusion is indebted to Landsteiner, an Austrian.

A German is shielded from typhoid fever with the help of a Russian, Metchnikoff. A Dutch marine in the East Indies is protected from malaria because of the experiments of an Italian, Grassi; while a British aviator escapes death from surgical infection because a Frenchman (Pasteur) and a

German (Koch) elaborated a new technique.

In peace as in war we are all of us beneficiaries of contributions to knowledge by every nation. We are guarded from diphtheria by what a Japanese and a German did; they are protected from smallpox by an Englishman's work; they are saved from rabies because of a Frenchman; they are cured of pellagra through the researches of an Austrian.

From birth to death all are surrounded by an invisible host—the spirits of men who never thought in terms of flags or boundary lines, and who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind.

Making Things Difficult

NATIONAL Savings Certificates are being reduced in size to save paper. Will the Treasury please consider another means of saving paper and labour and the good temper of the investing public?

We are all entitled to 1000 Three Per Cent Defence Bonds and are asked to take our quota. One of our readers has been saving up and has bought 900.

For the first 500 she was given a book and a number. The next 100 Bonds were of a Second Issue, but were put in the old book. Now she has bought 300

more which belong to a Third Issue and come with a separate book with a new number. The three purchases of this security are therefore of three different issues with two separate books, and the interest is to be paid in six instalments during the year!

Our reader is wondering if a new issue and a new book will appear for the final 100, involving eight payments of interest where two would do.

We must say that it is all inexplicable to ordinary folk, and not a little annoying and discouraging to savers.

ABOUT TURN

WE find that one of our Things Seen this week cannot quite be squeezed into two lines.

In a London suburb a refuse-cart was seen with a salvage slogan painted on it exhorting us to hand to the collectors the things we used to throw in the dustbin. But after three years of exposure to the weather the paint was wearing a bit thin and peeling off, so that it was just possible to read the pre-war legend: *Burn Your Rubbish and Save the Rates.*

Another little reminder to the good citizen that some of his peacetime virtues have become wartime crimes.

Question For Your MP

AS Lord Woolton has apparently forgotten that the bread shortage is largely due to so much grain being used by brewers, we suggest that our readers should write to their MPs and ask why Beer cannot be rationed.

Lord Woolton may truthfully reply, of course, that he is Minister for Food and that beer is not a food, but in that case the question may be addressed to other Ministers who would not have so easy a way out.

Fire-Watching English

A CORRESPONDENT wonders whether the Editor of the CN can unravel the following notice hung up in a certain fire-watching station:

RE FIRE PREVENTION DUTIES

...he shall not be required to perform the said duties... for a period beginning not earlier than 5 p.m. and ending when his work begins for the night, or for a period beginning after his work has finished for the night.

The Editor regrets that he cannot rise to the occasion.

JUST AN IDEA

Is there not much truth in that old saying of Barrie that a man's life is a setting out to write one story and that it ends in writing another?

All the Trumpets Sounded For Him on the Other Side

BRISTOL has been honouring the memory of one of its most famous sons, Robert Southey, who was laid to rest in the churchyard of Great Crosthwaite in Cumberland just 100 years ago, while the daffodils were nodding round his grave.

Best friend of all the Lakeland poets, and one of the noblest of all men, Southey was born in 1774, the son of a Bristol draper. He was a prodigy who at the age of eight had read all Shakespeare and was himself fired with ambition to be a poet. He went first to Westminster School, and afterwards to Oxford, where he met Coleridge. Both were in sympathy with the French Revolution then convulsing Europe, and with their friend Robert Lovell set about planning an ideal life together in the new era they thought was dawning for the world. But their plans went awry, and, instead, the three young men married three sisters and went their various ways.

A Pioneer of Humanity

Now for Southey began a life of ardent and industrious literary work that was akin to genius, but never more. He wrote a drama on Wat Tyler filled with his revolutionary zeal; he sold an epic poem on Joan of Arc for £50; he turned out solid books of history; he began a great series of poems on ancient mythologies. For twenty years he was writing these ambitious poems, exotic in character, poor in subject; and he involved himself in misty studies that produced no sense of reality. He laboured intensely and overmuch, and that is why in the main his poetry is now read only by those who are interested in his remarkable experiments in rhythm.

What Southey regarded as his finest poetic work has become merely a literary curiosity. What he regarded as his lesser work has wider appeal and more lasting value. He could write in an interesting way about almost anything, and his simple verses, ballads, and odds and ends of poetry made him widely known.

Southey was one of the pioneers of humanity, and long before Macaulay he was pleading for a better world for the poor; he was in his way a sort of John Ruskin socialist. He was turned out of Westminster School for protesting against flogging, and refused admission to Christ Church for the same incident; but Balliol took him in, though his tutor told him he could teach him nothing—so well had this youth educated himself by the time he was 18.

Three Families

On his return from a second visit to Portugal, where he had been collecting material for his massive historical labours, Southey settled down at Greta Hall, Keswick. It was his home for 40 years. The Hall was a house made into two, Coleridge with his family being in one, and Southey taking the other at Coleridge's suggestion. With the Southseys came Mrs Lovell and her child, Lovell having recently died, and so the three sisters were again under one roof. Presently Coleridge, unmanned by opium, set forth on vague wanderings, and Southey was left at Greta Hall with three families to support. It is for his work in

these circumstances that he has won the world's unstinted admiration. "How many mouths I must feed out of one inkstand," he lamented; but he faced his task undaunted, and year after year continued to pour out a veritable torrent of writings.

Waning Powers

But by the time he was 60 even Southey's great powers had waned, and his life was further beclouded by the mental failure of his devoted wife. Death released her in 1837, but it left him a mere wreck of his earlier self, and in his unhappiness he turned to Caroline Bowles, with whom he had maintained a literary correspondence and friendship for 20 years.

In June 1839 they were married in Boldre Church, in Hampshire, the poet then being 65 and Caroline 53. It seemed singularly suitable, and would have been if he had retained his mental fitness, but his noble life was broken, and his brain failure was swift and tragic.

In 1840 Wordsworth called and Southey did not recognise him. The end was near, and his last year was passed as in a trance. He would walk slowly round his wonderful library looking at his books, and putting his hand to his brow, say, "Memory, memory, where art thou gone?" He died in March 1843, a melancholy ruin, and eleven years after Caroline herself was laid to rest at Lymington. She had been the poorer for her marriage. When she was left an orphan her adopted brother settled on her £150 a year till she should marry. This lapsed when she married Southey. By his will Southey left her £2000, but she was less well provided for than before her marriage, till she received a crown pension of £200 a year. Caroline deserved her pension, for her writings in prose and verse were sympathetic in spirit, pure in tone, and always had the aim of social helpfulness. No one was to blame for this matrimonial tragedy, for neither Southey nor Caroline Bowles realised the seriousness of his breakdown.

Valiant Soul

Remembering those last tragic years when his brain was weary with long labour, these lines written by Southey in his library are surely among the saddest in our language:

My days among the Dead are past,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.
My hopes are with the Dead,
anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.
His name will not perish in the dust.
It will not live in the kind of fame he hoped for in his

Under the Editor's Table

WE hear of a boy who collects matchboxes and has a matchless collection.

SWEDEN is sending food to Finland. But the Finns are already fed up.

HITLER thinks he is getting a raw deal. Tommy will soon be cooking his goose.

Peter Puck Wants to Know

A LADY wants to know how to make a sausage roll. Push it.

BUDDING poets will be glad that no more waste-paper baskets are to be made. (But ours is in fine condition.)



FRANCE, it is said, is ripe for invasion. Germany is rotten.

If half a house makes good living quarters

A WOMAN says she is waiting for utility furniture to turn up. Some hope it won't.

BREAD Secret Out. That new ingredients are in.



Three Bears of Whipsnade

Brown bear cubs, two months old when this photograph was taken, enjoying the sunshine with their keeper at Whipsnade.

100 DAILY PAPERS STOP

THE news that more than 100 German daily papers and 1000 periodicals are to cease publication will not upset the German people very much.

In the past ten years they have seen what was once a great and in many ways an enlightened Press degenerate into a mere collection of gramophone records for the lies of Dr Goebbels.

The German reading public has long since sickened of its Nazified Press. The *Stürmer*, the organ of the Jew-baiting Streicher, which was posted up in thousands of towns and villages, and in early days had a very big circulation, is practically dead. Its readers number very few, even among the Nazis themselves. It is only, because Streicher, who is now said to be confined in some sort of insane asylum, was a "party-comrade" of Hitler that this unspeakable sheet can still be published at all.

Our own newspapers find their way to Germany very swiftly, for they are closely studied by our enemies, both for the facts they contain and for the opinions they express. But they do not

reach any readers outside the magic circle of the privileged, the Nazis and the Junkers. We study the Nazi newspapers, too, for official purposes, and our Press quotes their official communiqués and general comments for all to read. But however large a proportion of Hitler's newspapers were abolished in the cause of his war effort it would make little difference, for those remaining would contain the same material.

A certain number of once free-minded and independent writers did join Hitler, and their work still appears in the slave-Press of the Reich. But many of the most distinguished German and Austrian journalists, knowing they were marked men, escaped in time, and are now writing for British and American papers.

That is one hopeful factor in the difficult problem of German education after the war. There still exists a nucleus of German writers capable of starting a free and honest German Press, and laying the foundations of a new outlook in a liberated Reich.

The Farmer's Wife

Mr Bevin has decided what steps shall be taken by employment exchanges to help the over-worked farmer's wife.

The new scheme will apply only to farms where no members of the household can reasonably be expected to do domestic work without interfering with other work on the farm. Members of a household are expected to help as far as possible in the running of their homes; but if the County Agricultural Committee agree that a household needs extra help the Ministry of Labour will try to find domestic workers locally.

CARRY ON

The Guiding Light

THE great successes on the Russian front have led thousands of Americans to throw their hats in the air and proclaim that victory is just around the corner. Others among us still believe in the age of miracles.

They forget that there is no Joshua in our midst. We cannot count on great walls crumbling and falling when the trumpets blow and the peoples shout.

The Beatitudes helped to shape George Washington's character and career. Today, through the darkness that has descended on our nation, those truths are a guiding light. We shall follow that light to the fulfilment of our hopes for victory, for freedom, and for peace.

President Roosevelt

THE SINGER

GIVE us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in sullen silence. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer.

Carlyle

Spring Passes

1939

SPRING came tripping by . . .
I heard the gentle cry
Of spring, as she came dancing by.
"New buds, fresh flowers to grow,
Sweet scents to smell."
I heard the soft voice,
Like a whispering bell,
Of spring, as she went rustling by.

1942

Spring came marching by . . .
I heard the battle-cry
Of spring, as he came tramping by.
"New youth, fresh blood to shed,
More men to kill."
I heard the summons
Rising harsh and shrill
Of spring, as he went stamping by.

Carol Mary Spero

Daylight in the Mind

CHEERFULNESS keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Addison

GREAT POSSESSIONS

AND, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? He said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me.

But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

New Testament

A PRAYER

MAKE us truthful and strong,
O Lord, and bring us to the end of the day unashamed.

THOU WILT NOT DRIFT AWAY

Lo, I am with you always; even unto the end of the world.

THEY drift away. Ah, God! they drift for ever.

I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea,
Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
Round whom the tide-waifs hang, then drift to sea.

I watch them drift, the old familiar faces,
Who fished and rode with me, by stream and wold,

Till ghosts, not men, fill old beloved places,
And, ah, the land is rank with churchyard mould.

I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations,
Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike.

Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day.

Ah, God! My God! Thou wilt not drift away!

Charles Kingsley

Time Heals All Woes But His

IN time the ox becomes accustomed to the plough that tills the field, and yields his neck to be pressed by the curving yoke. In time the spirited horse obeys the flowing reins, and, with quiet mouth, receives the hard bit. In time the anger of the Punic lions is assuaged.

Length of time, too, causes that the grape swells out on the spreading clusters, and that the berries can hardly contain the juice they hold within. Time,

too, pushes forth the seed into the whitening ears of corn; and makes the apple not to be of sour flavour. Tis time that blunts the edge of the plough that renews the land; tis time that wears hard flint and the adamant. This, too, by degrees mitigates raging anger; this lessens sadness and elevates the sorrowing heart. Length of time, as it glides on with silent foot, is able to lessen everything but my cares.

Ovid in exile

TO A DREADED MOMENT

ALTHOUGH I knew
That nothing would
Prevent your coming
When you could,
Each time we seemed
About to meet,
I would turn down
Another street,
And wander aimless
To and fro,
Hoping I should
Escape you so.

At last we met;
The ills you brought
Were even grimmer
Than I thought;
But this relief
Has salved the pain;
I never shall
Meet you again;
And how I wish—
This being so—
That I had faced
You long ago.

Fay Inchfawn



THIS ENGLAND Homeward bound past the ancient church at Flamstead in Hertfordshire

WE CHOOSE TODAY FOR 100 YEARS

By the Vice-President of USA

Speaking to farmers in Ohio, Mr Henry Wallace, the Vice-President of USA, had this to say about post-war trade.

To win the peace we must follow through to establish the right kind of international trade relations; we cannot hope to maintain peace by force unless the peace we are maintaining is a just peace.

It is urged that after the war American aviators ought to be permitted to fly everywhere in the world, but that not a single foreign aeroplane should ever fly over any part of the United States. This astonishing idea seems to be first cousin to the fallacy that we can sell our goods everywhere in the world at the same time that we keep foreigners from selling to us.

It is possible now to get votes, build prestige, and even make money by shouting American supremacy of the air and seas. But when we yield to American imperialism of this type we are working for the death of our children and grandchildren in world war number three.

As soon as the war is won, will short-sighted policy makers again shut us off from the rest of the world? Will our country fail to grasp this second opportunity to help to build a world of peace and cooperation?

Will our leaders engage instead in a mad nationalistic race for supremacy on land and water and in the air? Will our

country be surrounded by another sky-high tariff wall, as if the world outside did not exist? Will a spineless policy of drift once more lead us straight for the falls? Even in the midst of war, and the nerve-racking job of producing necessary food and munitions to win it, these are questions which must be faced. The choices we make, both now and later, will go far to determine what the next 10 years, and perhaps the next 100 years, will bring.

THE NIGHTCAP

Materials for night-wear having been occupying the attention of Parliament, a writer has been wondering why our forefathers wore nightcaps.

The reason seems to be that from the time of Charles the Second onwards men often shaved their heads in order to wear wigs. When the wig was removed the shaved head felt cold, so the nightcap was devised for warmth.

Marlborough fought all his battles in a wig and slept in a nightcap. Wigs were the fashion for all who could afford them down to the time of Reynolds and Gainsborough, although in their day the new habit of powdering the hair was slowly ousting the ancient habit.

A Great Man Lost to the Nation

Our national life is much poorer for the loss of Cardinal Hinsley, who had made himself a popular figure by his friendly personality and his moral courage.

He was a Yorkshireman, born 78 years ago into an old Roman Catholic family near Selby, and he became headmaster of a grammar school at Bradford.

During the last war he was made Rector of the English College in Rome, and was afterwards made a bishop. The Pope chose him to take charge of educational schemes in all parts of British Africa, and he helped to establish the famous African College of Achimota. He gave many years to his African work and must be counted as a great power for good in the development of the continent.

When he was 69 Cardinal Bourne died, and Bishop Hinsley succeeded him at Westminster. There he was immensely popular with his own people, and his voice was frequently heard on public questions outside his own Church. He was a man of great goodwill who could get on with most people, and took no narrow view of Christianity. No man in the Roman Church thundered more passionately against the Nazis and their brutishness, and he was one of the first to declare that this war is a great crusade. "Awake," he cried, "or be crushed by the unleashed forces of evil."

He passed away after a short illness at his country home in Hertfordshire.

Vive La France

In Bayswater lives a wonderful old Frenchman who would fight the Nazis with a rifle if he were young enough. But as he is too old for that he fights in the best way he can.

He is one of the most tireless collectors the War Savings campaign could wish to see. In the Wings-for-Victory Week Paddington's target was £750,000. The Frenchman set his own target at £200. Paddington passed the million before the week was over; but the French Paddingtonian collected over £1200.

He is a great friend of all the devoted workers at the War Savings Centre in Westbourne Grove. He is in and out all day, always with a handsome harvest. He spends every minute he can in the good cause, and the total of his collections runs into big figures.

He is always lively, cheerful, bright, indefatigable. And all the reward he needs is the knowledge that in his exile he is helping to speed the day when his beloved country shall be freed from the German Beast.

Saving Space

By concentrating industries the Board of Trade has been able to release storage space equal to 64 million square feet in factories and 35 million square feet in other premises. A further 38 million feet has been set free for war work which was not formerly in use, and 250,000 workers have been released for more essential work.

This substantial saving has been made in 52 industries, and the economy is still going on. In Leeds a million square feet was set free in the clothing industry.

NEWS FROM AN OLD BOX

Two of the World's Great Adventures

AN old box at Tarkastad in South Africa has revealed one of the hidden, unknown links which bind together two of the world's great adventure stories. In it was a paper belonging to Mr Livingstone Moffat, whose death we have already recorded, and the paper showed that his grandmother, Mary Moffat, was a niece of Alexander Smith, one of the leaders of the mutineers of the Bounty, and for twenty years ruler and patriarch of Pitcairn Island.

When, on the April morning in 1789, the Bounty mutineers, led by Fletcher Christian and Alexander Smith (often known as John Adams), put Captain Bligh into the open boat and set him adrift on the wide Pacific, James Smith (Mary's father) was a nurseryman at Dukinfield in Cheshire. There Mary was born in 1795, and she may have heard in her childhood days of the sailor uncle who had vanished.

Into the Unknown

The Smiths were a pious evangelical family from Perthshire, and when Mary fell in love with one of her father's young nurserymen, Robert Moffat, and proposed to go with him as a missionary to South Africa, the father was very much against the suggestion. His mind probably went back to his elder brother's wild and troublous adventure. Was he to allow his own daughter to sail the stormy voyage to Africa and venture into the unknown interior? For two years James Smith said No, until at last Mary's entreaties won the day, and in 1819 she was married to Robert Moffat in Cape Town, and began the 600-mile journey to Kuruman. Writing home she said:

I forgot to say how we got over the Orange River. It was but very low, and all our wagons were over in half an hour. This will appear to you a happy circumstance when I tell you that at the same time last year Mrs Hamilton was nine weeks waiting on the other side, and one week in the act of getting over with one wagon! Some parts of this time the rain was descending in such torrents that she could not tell whether the wagon was in the river or out of it.

An Ideal Colony

Away on lonely Pitcairn Island, where the mutineers of the Bounty made their home, Mary's uncle was being father and friend to all that remained of the company. Smith had lost his seamen comrades by death and murder, and by 1808 he had the care of eight Tahitian women and 25 children. The rough seaman repented of his former life, remembering the simple religious upbringing of his youth, and turned his rocky islet kingdom into a true "colony of heaven."

In her little thatched home on the edge of the Kalahari desert Mary, too, was at one of the last outposts of the world. She faced unknown Africa. Like her uncle away on his island looking out on the vast sea, hoping a ship would call, she longed to see a few white faces. They were all black people round her, and sometimes unfriendly. She had a brick oven to bake her bread and much mutton to salt down in the summer.

While Mary could get meat Alexander could get plenty of fish and eggs from the nesting sea-birds. His oven was a pit filled with stones and heated red-hot by a wood fire. Then the meat or fish was wrapped in leaves and placed on the stones, and came out beautifully cooked.

Even in her lonely home Mary was able to knit and sew for her husband and children (one of whom was to marry David Livingstone), but her uncle's kingdom on Pitcairn had no needles or thread, and the men were forced to give up wearing trousers and go about in Polynesian style with a simple cloth round the waist. The Pitcairn women loved to make bonnets for themselves, but Mary was shocked at the way her Bechuana women went about naked. The people stole Mary's food, her pots and pans, and she had constantly to be on the watch against thieves. But on Pitcairn the community shared all their possessions, and the doors of the little wooden huts were left open for anyone to walk in.

Two Little Kingdoms

Until he died in 1829, aged 69, Alexander Smith was the uncrowned king of Pitcairn. The colony was like a family under him. Quarrels and swearing were unknown, and everyone looked up to the "seaman-patriarch" for guidance and authority.

In their Kuruman district of Africa Mary and Robert Moffat also built a small kingdom of friendship and service. Into the little mission school Mary welcomed the shy, dirty Bechuana children, and taught them to read and write, just as her uncle in far Pitcairn was teaching the island youngsters their alphabet. Only towards the end of his days could Alexander Smith himself write easily, but his niece's letters are among the precious documents of those early African days.

Alexander Smith died on his island, honoured and revered, and his name stands among the strange pioneers of the British way of life and religion in the Pacific. Mary came home some forty years after her uncle died, and her name, with that of Robert Moffat, is enshrined to-day among the Christian pioneers of Africa. Strange it is that Alexander and Mary Smith never met, but they were separated by the years and the vast spaces of ocean and continent. Until the box of papers was opened the other day no one knew of their connection, but they may now be saluted among those adventurous and patient spirits who carry all that's "fair and good and true" to the ends of the earth.

BEDTIME CORNER

A Happy Ending

NETTA and Jack, who were neighbours, met one morning on the station platform.

"I'm going to town with Mummie," Netta announced, "to do some shopping."

"Pooh! Dull work shopping," scoffed Jack. "I'm going with my dad to see the big bomber in Trafalgar Square."

Just then the London train came in and the children separated.

How Netta enjoyed the excitement of the big stores, looking at the pretty things, and watching the crowds moving slowly to and fro!

As her mother stopped to examine some lace a lady in front of them dropped a glove. Netta picked it up, and ran off to return it to its owner. She had a job to reach her in the crowd, and when she turned to look for her mother—Mummie had disappeared!

Netta was startled. For a little girl who lived in the country to find herself suddenly alone in that great building was rather terrifying. She ran in and out among the people, looking in vain for her mother; and after what seemed a long time she gave it up as hopeless.

She stopped, and found she had bumped into a boy looking at some men's ties. To her amazement it was Jack!

"Oh, I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I'm lost."



"No, why?" asked Netta.

"Then I don't see how we're going to get home," said Jack. "I've spent all mine."

At that moment there was a little commotion behind them, and a voice cried: "Oh, there you are!"

And as Netta flung herself into her mother's arms, another voice said: "Sorry, my boy. I was kept at the office, and the time flew."

So it all ended happily. Jack's father invited them all to lunch, and later the little party went on together to see the giant bomber.

The Children's Newspaper, April 3, 1943

7

THERE WILL BE PILGRIMS THIS WAY

The World Will Want to See Freedom's Island

IN reading of the death in Florida of John Pierpont Morgan, the famous American banker, how many people remembered that he was a very conscientious and popular Hertfordshire squire? He owned an estate near Aldenham where he loved to spend his summer holidays, and he was a good landlord, popular with the folk of that charming English county.

He was only one of a number of Americans who own and take great pleasure in English country estates. We do not mean those who have adopted British nationality, of whom there are quite a number, some of them good and earnest members of Parliament. Nor do we mean those who, like that great but modest lady Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst, founder of Dartington Hall in Devon, have married Englishmen and settled here for good.

We speak rather of Americans to whom the landscape, the customs and traditions, the life and the atmosphere of our countryside, make such an irresistible appeal that they feel they must have a second home in England.

The Influence of Paris

We know that artists and lovers of art of all kinds have always had this kind of feeling about France and Italy. Writers, sculptors, painters, architects, have looked upon Paris, Rome, and Florence as places of pilgrimage and of spiritual and intellectual solace. The American colony in Paris after the last war was a nursery of modern American literature, in which some of the finest poets and novelists of today have grown up. We can see the attraction here, the long and glorious tradition which made gifted men and women in so many other lands feel that until they have lived the life of a Paris studio, or had wandered among the incomparable beauties of the great and ancient cities of Italy, they were not complete.

Our lovely England never attracted artists from other lands in this particular way; her charms never drew more than a discriminating few of them. We had nothing special to offer artists in the way of instinctive and traditional welcome. We did not expect them, and there was no urgent reason to draw them here.

Britain a Magnet

But even now the eyes of the whole world turn this way, to England, to Britain, and an irresistible magnet will draw the world towards us after the war. Why? Because in the past three years Britain has shown the world an imperishable example of heroism and steadfastness which must have had its origin in something unique in our soil, our life, our national inheritance.

This country can claim without boasting that since the summer of 1940 it has shown the rest of the world that its people are a very great nation indeed, great above all in spirit, the one thing which matters most. Alone, when all the world thought they were doomed, they kept the lamp

of freedom burning through the darkness round about. In town and village alike, through the all-engulfing storm and the all-pervading terror, they drew upon secret and unsuspected sources of constancy and endurance, while the world wondered and held its breath, in greater panic for the end which seemed so near than ever any of our own people showed.

"What kind of people does he think we are?" asked our Prime Minister in majestic scorn when Adolf Schicklgruber was mouthing his foul threats against us. From many lands, near and far, men and women will wish, when the war is over, to come and see for themselves what kind of people we are. They will be searching for the springs of that calm and level inspiration of our national life which could not conceive, when freedom was threatened, any other answer than to fight and die in its defence. They will desire to learn how our people comes to hold as its highest prize the right of each one of its sons and daughters, no matter what their race and creed, to live and think and speak and worship without the by-your-leave of any master, each respecting the rights of his neighbour while he claims and vindicates his own.

Our Art of Living

For that is our way of life, that is what we fight and work for now, that is what we hope the whole world will have and keep at the end of this war. Except in the supreme greatness of our literature, which is incomparably the best in the world, we may not have added as greatly as some other nations to the art of the world, but in the deepest essentials we have taught mankind the art of living as human beings should live—in freedom, with justice to all.

The world will want to visit the home of that idea of life when it breathes again in safety and peace.

STORY

There is an old story of a man who, enthusiastically praising a professor who had given him lessons in memory-training, was asked the name of his teacher, and could not remember it.

Mr. Edward Shanks, the poet, betters this in a recent essay by telling of a lady who also has been taking a memory-training course, and was asked whether it had been successful. She answered, "Yes and no. I still forget half the things I should put on my shopping-list, and I don't remember to take the list when I go shopping. But I am no longer afraid of cows."

Should We Carry on the War Bill?

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. As we are now spending, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, about £14,000,000 every day, and as war expenditure is still rising, we shall be spending this year over £5000 millions. Will not this force us to make great cuts in spending as soon as the war is over?

Man. The first impression made on many minds by the tremendous figures of our war costs is certainly to suggest that at the earliest possible moment steps must be taken to reduce expenditure, but surely we must have regard to rebuilding as soon as the direct costs of war are ended. Unfortunately, war creates a need for special expenditure, which continues long after the fighting ends, and the present war is peculiarly destructive.

When the First World War ceased the view was taken that the axe must be applied speedily and ruthlessly. We made little attempt to safeguard the future by reforming our institutions, rebuilding our homes, reclaiming our soil, recapitalising our industries, safeguarding our shipping, and developing our empire. It was assumed that a policy of strict economy, using the word economy to mean cutting down expenditure, was the only path to recovery.

Boy. I think you told me that the war was followed by slumps which threw millions out of work and spread ruin far and wide.

Man. Yes. Although, in company with our Allies, we had won the war, the years that followed were full of discomfort, and it is true to say that when the present war broke out we had not yet, in 21 years, recovered from the effects of the last.

Boy. What could we have done to retrieve the situation? What other policy might have produced a better result?

Man. I can only say that I was one of those who called, at the time, not for a sudden cut in national expenditure, but for a continuation of large-scale endeavour directed to the great purposes of peace. I said that the nation should have courage to continue spending for a while longer, to continue to make war but to redirect its warfare, turning its weapon upon unhealthy towns, inefficient industries, neglected fields, and, last but not least, upon ignorance. Suppose another year's war expenditure had been called for, would it have been denied? Assuredly not. The Government undoubtedly would have continued to tax and to raise loans. Fortunately the war ended sooner than was expected, and forthwith the policy of cutting down was adopted.

Boy. Would you make the same plea today?

Man. I do not repeat that plea. I point to the great failure that followed 1918, when the nation abandoned national endeavour and was content to resign any attempt to promote production, to dispute with want. Instead of acting the nation refused to act. It sold out its factories, its stocks, its shipyards, its ships. As quickly as possible it shed every vestige of control of the means of life, leaving it to private profit to carry on, or not carry on, as it thought best.

If the war had been fought like that it would have been utterly lost. If the present war had been fought like that it would long ago have ended against us. As I see it, we have to learn to devise plans for the nation on a truly national scale, calculated to enforce all our endeavours and to stimulate our full working powers.

THE MANGER IN THE SKY

Brilliant Light From 500 Suns

THE brilliant planet Jupiter is now veering round from high in the south toward the south-west, and as he is receding from us, writes the C.N. Astronomer, he is becoming less bright. At present Jupiter is about 480 million miles away and is moving away from us at about a million miles a day. Though still in the constellation of Gemini and south of Castor and Pollux, Jupiter's apparent path is toward that of Cancer.

Soon after sunset on the evening of Thursday, April 15, the gibbous Moon will appear very near to the first-magnitude star Regulus. This will be soon after the Moon has passed apparently just below the star; but as this will have happened about 8 p.m. (Double Summer Time), while it was still daylight, it will not be possible to observe the event.

A Misty Light

The constellation of Cancer, the Crab, which at present appears a little way to the left of Jupiter and was described a fortnight ago, contains a region of particular interest. This is the Praesepe, or Manger, which appears to the naked-eye like a small patch of luminous mist. During the dark nights of next week, before the Moon is much in evidence, the Praesepe may be easily found in a clear starry sky in the position indicated on the star-map which appeared in the C.N. of March 20. The strange misty light will be readily seen to appear almost between the two fourth-magnitude stars, Gamma and Delta, in Cancer.

These were known to the ancient Greeks as the Aselli, the Asses, being stars supposed to represent asses feeding from the Manger, or Praesepe. Actually they are stars merely seen in that direction, and both are great suns, nearer to us than that grand congregation of suns which compose the Praesepe. Even opera-glasses will show that luminous patch of light to contain stars; field-glasses will reveal between 25 and 50, according to their power, and with a luminous background which,

through the most powerful telescopes, is found to be produced by upwards of 500 glittering suns of every type.

What a grand congregation of stellar jewels to be clustered there, in what appears to the unaided eye to be such an insignificant spot! It is merely a question of distance. Imagine the grand view which would be obtained from any world that might be revolving round the sun Gamma, which although about 543 light-years distant from us is very much nearer to the Praesepe, which averages between 580 and 600 light-years distant from us. A stellar spectacle about the apparent size of Orion would be presented, but incomparably finer, with at least ten times the number of brilliant stars scintillating among hundreds of lesser luminaries.

The star Delta being but 203 light-years distant is therefore nearer to us than to the Praesepe's stellar crowd. What a "crowd" they are would be seen if our world revolved round any one of its 500 suns. For then at least 100 brilliant suns would illuminate the night sky for every 10 that adorn our sky at present, and so we might thus be blessed with such a blaze of starlight that would make moonlight quite superfluous. From this we may infer what superb conditions may prevail elsewhere in a Universe in which variety, charm, and the marvellous would appear to be limitless.

G. F. M.

...and the LIGHTS will come back...

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp? It is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a good job in helping to keep the health standard of children high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period.

By helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

RUGGER FOR THE RED ARMY

Although Soccer has long been extremely popular all over the Soviet Union, Rugger is unknown in Russia. Soon, however, it may be introduced into the Red Army, which means that all Russia will become enthusiastic for it.

A Soviet Air Force staff officer visiting this country was the guest of Anti-Aircraft Command, and was taken to see his first Rugger match.

"An ideal game for soldiers," said the Russian, and his fellow-guests nodded agreement. They liked the look of the players, their fitness, and their keenness.

They had heard, moreover, of the excellent suggestion of Mr W. W. Wakefield, M.P. for Swindon and a former Rugby captain of England, that Services teams from this country should visit Russia after the war to show how the game was played. They were sure such a visit would be immensely popular in the Red Army and Air Force and in the Soviet schools.

"But first," one added, "we have another game to finish."

SAFETY FIRST

THERE was a little boy,
And he had a roller skate;
He flew along the highway,
Travelling in state.

He spied a motor-bus,
And thought he'd hang behind;
He knew he shouldn't do it—
That he didn't mind.

The driver couldn't see,
And soon increased his pace;
The boy was very happy,
Smiles were on his face.

The story isn't done,
Though I'm coming to the end;
The bus turned round the corner
But not our little friend.

Continued

"So you called on her to patch
up your old quarrel. Did
you succeed?"

"No, we found it easier to
make a new one."

THE BRAN TUB

Seeker

A MINER who came from Red-
ruth
Chanced to fall down a well in
his youth.
When asked why he fell,
He said, "I can't tell—
I suppose I was looking for
Truth!"

Request

A TORTOISE looked down at her
egg,
And remarked, as she drew in one
leg:
"You've a shell; so have I!
To admire you I'll try;
But don't ask me to hatch you, I
beg!"

Wishful

FRIEND: Do you think your
poems will live after you are
dead?

Poet: Can't say. I wish
they'd let me live while I'm
alive.

THAT

I'LL prove by the word that I've
made my theme
That that may be doubled with-
out blame;
And that that that, thus trebled,
I may use,
And that, that that that critics
may abuse
May be correct. Further—the
dons to bother—
Five that's may, closely follow
one another!
For be it known that we may
safely write,
Or say, that that that that that
man wrote was right
Nay, e'en that that that that
that that followed
Through six repeats, the gram-
mar's rule has hallowed;
And that that that (that that
that that began)
Repeated seven times is right!
Deny it who can.

Bees in the Bonnet

A BUFFALO, much underfed,
Found a beehive one day
near his bed;
But such was his luck
Both his horns became stuck,
And he's worn the hive since on
his head.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A handle. 5 A
long cut. 9 Way out. 10 To fatigue.
11 Every one. 12 A passenger chair.
13 A place of worship. 15 New
Testament. 16 Put these in now and
gather later. 18 Thus. 20 Scene of
Eighth Army's triumph. 23 Of small
value. 25 Paste cooked with fruit
or meat. 26 Lacerated. 27 To occupy
the whole space. 28 A chair. 29
Having height.

Reading Down. 1 High temperature.
2 A cartwheel revolves on this. 3
Motion pictures. 4 Famous motor-
cycle races. 5 Horses. 6 A covering.
7 Persia. 8 A desert dwelling. 12
Rest. 14 One who makes a vain
display of learning. 17 A brown pig-
ment. 18 Deeds. 19 Footwear. 21
A rivulet. 22 To express in words.
24 A period of time. 27 Foot.*

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC
programmes for Wednesday,
March 31, to April 6.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Wood-
chopper's Daughter—a play by
Marjorie Wynn Williams. 5.55
Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Railway
Children (Conclusion); followed
by Misery Pie—a piece of April
Foolery concocted by Geoffrey
Dearmer.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Big Six (Part 7
—We've got to Emigrate), by Arthur
Ransome, and told by Mac. 5.40
Through a Chinese Moon Door—a
programme of recorded Chinese
music, including Chinese stories
and poetry.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Saturday After-
noon Variety, with many popular

entertainers. 5.45 Boy's Athletics
—F. N. S. Creek will hold another
Round Table Conference with four
young athletes.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Regional Round—
another general knowledge com-
petition between Bristol, Wales,
North, and Scotland, with Mac as
the Question-Master. 5.50 Con-
sider the Birds—Jackdaws and
Bower Birds, by Laurens Sargent.

MONDAY, 5.20 Another story of
Bitty and the Bears, by Elizabeth
Gorell; followed by Victor Har-
ding, who will give a short recital
of songs by Schubert. 5.45 More
about Charlie Brown, by Bernard
Wetherall.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany
—adventures among birds and
animals.

SMASH

AND what are you going to call
your verses?
A Broken Vase.

Ah! That reminds me of a
little thing our maid dashed off
the other day.

Tale

YOU never hear the bee com-
plain,
Nor hear it weep or wail;
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail.

Jacko Livens Things Up



GRANDPA JACKO was eighty, and the family was on the way to his birthday
party. It was a long train journey, and Jacko was getting heartily
tired of sitting still, when he noticed a banjo lying on the rack over his
head. Twang! Twang! went the strings as Jacko plucked at them,
hard and fast. "That's better," he cried, enjoying himself. But the
rest of the party didn't think so.

Farthings

A Scout Troop's collection of
13,000 farthings, mentioned
on page 2 last week, reminds
Peter Puck of an old gentleman
who collected nearly as many
farthings over a great number of
years.

Feeling that it was time for his
collection to stop the man counted
the coins, and to his amazement
found that the figures represent-
ing the total were just the same,
and in the same order, as the
figures representing their value
expressed in pounds, shillings
and pence. He had collected
12,128 farthings, or £12 12s 8d.

SHOCK

"I PAINT what I see," an art
student once said to his
master, complacently.

"Well, the shock will come
when you really see what you've
painted," said the artist.

The Training of the Young

is one of the most important of our activities.
Only the Church can adequately equip them
to respect the responsibilities which must be
theirs. Our Youth Organizations seek them
out—boys and girls of 10 to 16—and gather
them in. Will you please help us in this work?

The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt.,
The EAST END MISSION (Founded
1883), Bromley Street, Commercial
Road, Streney, E.1.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct
Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466)
gives fountain pen action with advantages
of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inqueduct"
opens for easy cleaning. Sup-
plied with four patterns of nib.

THE INQUEDUCT
HOLDS THE INK.

Until normal times
arrive, supplies may be
limited. So, treasure
your INQUEDUCT pens.
... they are valuable.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD, VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets
Venus, Saturn, and Uranus
are in the west;
in the morning
Jupiter is in the
south-west. The
picture shows
the Moon as it
may be seen at
6 o'clock on
Thursday morn-
ing, April 1.



HOW OLD?

TOM is 24 years old. He is twice
as old as Dick was when
Tom was as old as Dick is now.
How old is Dick? Answer next week.



The SIGN IS SIX

OUTSIDE a London station stood two
street musicians. One played the saxo-
phone, the other the guitar. Near by were
our old friends, The Three Mustardeers.
Suddenly Roger the eldest,
plucked Jim's sleeve. "Did

you hear that? The saxo-
phone played six notes, all
the same, one after the
other. And they're not in
the music. And that man
... just come out of the
station ... when he heard
those six notes he went up
and spoke to the saxophone
player. Here he comes.
We'll follow. Those six
notes must be a signal. It
looks fishy."

They trailed the man to a house in
a quiet street. He rapped on the door.
"Listen, Roger," said Jim. "Six raps.
That's queer." And when the man
went in, the Mustardeers saw that
the number on the door was—six.
Then, along the pavement came the
two musicians. They saw Roger, Jim

THE RETURN OF THE



THREE MUSTARDEERS

and Mary at the door. There was a
sharp tussle. The boys were stunned,
and, with Mary, dragged into the
mystery house.

In a small room of the house sat
six men. As the boys recovered they
saw that the man they had followed
was in charge. "It's all right, we
can talk openly in front of these brats,"
said the leader, throwing a cruel grin
at the Mustardeers. "We can let
them know what they wanted to know
And then—well, you are still good, I
take it, at elimination, Herr James!"
He glanced at the saxophone player,
and ran his thumb across his throat.
"But I think our plan is clear now.
As our friend steps from his car to
the hotel door, someone stumbles
against him and sticks this needle into
him. In one hour the poison begins
to work, he faints—and, then—finish!"
"Now, who is to stumble? Here are
six pieces of paper—five blank, one
marked '6', the number of letters in
our beloved Fuehrer's name. He who
draws the '6' stumbles." They drew,
and the leader got the "6." He threw
up his hand to give the Nazi salute.

And Mary
whispered to
Roger: "Look
at his twisted
finger!"

The meeting broke up. "Herr"
James was left to dispose of the
Mustardeers. "Now," said he, with
a cruel grin, "which one ..."
But Jim dived at his stomach. The
attack was unexpected. The man fell.

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have
mustard when-
ever we can get
it. It makes good food
taste better. It helps us to
keep healthy and strong.
We will have Mustard—

Colman's Mustard

Colman's Mustard